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Commissioner of the Court—E. H. Little.
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—J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

in this place, where he is prepared to make up new

stoves, and to do all kinds of tin work, and to repair

and put up all kinds of stoves, and to do all kinds of

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THE BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

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WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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Third Streets, Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

W. H. JACOBY.

THE ANSWER.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

Spare me, dear angel of reproof,

And let the sunshine weave to-day

Its gold threads in the warp and woof

Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me while the flesh is weak;

These fleeting days, that faintly strook

Among the flowers shall some day stray

The arid and narrow way.

Take off thy ever watchful eye.

The awe of the rebuking frown:

The dulled slave at times must sigh

To find his burdens down.

To drop his guilty's streaming eye.

And press in summer warmth and calm,

The lap of some enchanted shore

Of blossoms and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,

My heart its taste of long desire;

This day is mine; be those to come

As duty shall require.

"Say not thy fond, vain heart within,

The Father's arm shall still be wide

When from the pleasant ways of sin

Thou turn'st at eventide.

"Cast thyself down," the tempter said,

And angels shall thy feet uphold;

He bids thee make a life of faith,

A life of grace and joy.

Though God be good and free to Heaven,

No false divine can love corrupt;

And though the song of sin forgiven

May sound through lowest hell.

The sweet persuasion of His voice

Requests thy sinless will;

He willeth day; thou hast thy choice

To walk in darkness still.

As one who, turning from the light,

Watches his own great shadow fall,

Doubting, upon his path of night,

If there be day at all!

No word of doom may shut the out,

No wind of wrath may downward whirl;

No sword of fire keep watch about

The open gates of pearl.

A tender light than moon or sun,

That song of earth a sweeter hymn,

May shine and sound forever on,

And thine be deafened dim.

Forever round the Mercy seat,

The guiding lights of Love shall burn;

But what if, hazy-bound, thy feet

Shall lead the will to turn?

What if thine eyes refuse to see,

Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fall,

And thine a willing captive be,

Thyself thy own dark jail?

O, doom beyond the saddest guess,

As the long years of God unroll,

To make thy dreary wilderness

The prison of a soul!

Zephyrina plays the harp and sings with a

great deal of taste.

"I think her execution is uncommon."

"I am glad you approve of it, Mr. Short."

"I didn't say I approved of it, Mrs. Long."

I merely said 'twas uncommon—very much

like the noise of two cats in a gutter."

"Oh you shocking man! Mr. Short you

have no taste, no feeling."

"But I can hear very sensibly, Mrs.

Long," putting his fingers in his ears.

"You've no music in your soul, as Hand-

mill says."

"That cursed noise has driven it all

out."

"Indeed Zephyrina's voice is not exactly

in tune to night; but I think she plays and

sings remarkably well for one of her age."

"Umph! ay—for that matter, she is in-

deed rather old to learn."

"Oh! Mr. Short?"

"Ay, madam, you know they learn these

things much better in their young days."

"How old do you take my daughter to be,

Mr. Short?"

"Lord! ma'am, how should I know? I

wasn't at the christening. But she's no

chick."

"As true as I am alive, Mr. Short, she's

only nine—"

"And twenty, Mrs. Long!" Well I'm

not a judge of these matters, but I should

say—"

"She looks ten years older than she really

is. She has a very womanly look for one

of her age—don't you think she has Mr.

Short?"

"Umph! I think she has some resemblance

to a woman."

"She was forward at fifteen, though I say

it, as most girls are at twenty-five."

"I hate your forward chat."

"But you don't understand me, Mr.

Short; I mean she was as forward in womanly

appearance."

"Oh, as to the appearance, I could swear

she had been a woman these dozen years."

Dancing was now proposed, and as Mr.

Short protested against shaking the foot

even though Zephyrina was ready to be

his partner, Mrs. Long still entertained

him with the accomplishments of her

daughter.

"Don't you admire Zephyrina's dancing?"

"I can't say that I'm a judge of those

small matters, Mrs. Long."

"You're too modest, Mr. Short."

"It's a rare talent, Mrs. Long."

"Observe with what grace she moves—"

I really think she dances remarkably, for

one of her age, don't you think so Mr.

Short?"

"Umph! I think she dances much better

than the elephant. In fact the elephant is

a very clumsy dancer."

"Fit, fit on you! Mr. Short, to compare

my daughter Zephyrina to a four legged

beast."

"Why, that's not her fault you know

ma'am."

"Whose fault?"

"Why, your daughter's that she wasn't

made a beastless toad, as you call the ele-

phant."

"I hope no insinuations, Mr. Short?"

"Oh Lord! no ma'am, I haven't an in-

sinuation turn."

"Don't you think that Zephyrina is just

about the right height?"

"I think she is rather long."

"Do you indeed, Mr. Short? I hope you

don't think it an objection."

"Objection! Oh by no means—she may

be long—ah, as long as she pleases—I've

no objection."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Mr. Short,

Zephyrina is certainly rather tall of her

age."

"Did you ever see me drawing a cork,

Mrs. Long?"

"Nonsense! Now you've got from beer

and cider to corks. A gosling indeed!—

Why, this is a goldfish, Mr. Short."

"I'm very glad you informed me, Mrs.

Long, for really my taste in painted birds is

so small, that I took that to be a gosling.

Ah, what's here? A codfish, as I'm alive,

and a charming one it is."

"Oh, Mr. Short, how can you be so stu-

pid? That's a turt r'y."

"Is that a butterfly, Mrs. Long? Do you

say, upon your honor, that codfish is a but-

terfly."

"Fie! fie! Mr. Short! I've as good a

mind, as ever I had to eat, not to show you

another living thing. You've no taste in

ornithology. Perhaps you'll like the flowers

better. Isn't that beautiful?"

"What! that cabbage? I never could

abide a cabbage."

"Cabbage! Oh shocking! call that rose

a cabbage."

"Indeed it is a damask rose. Look at

this, Mr. Short."

"What, that mulen? Well, that is

pretty. I must confess—it's as natural as

life."

"That's